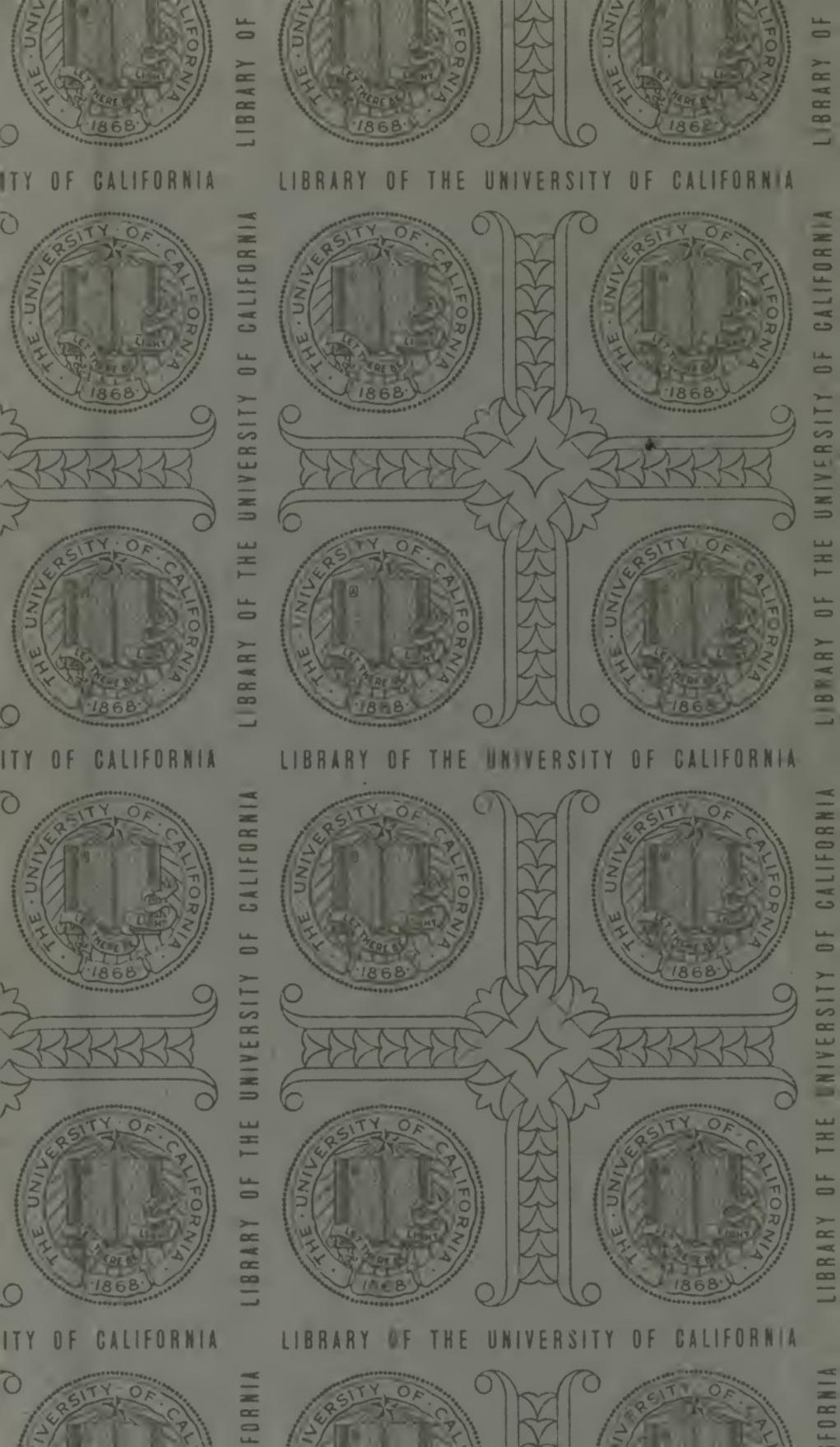


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CORRESPONDENCE  
BETWEEN THE  
RIGHT HON. J. W. CROKER  
AND THE  
RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL,  
ON  
SOME PASSAGES OF 'MOORE'S DIARY.'

WITH A  
POSTSCRIPT  
BY MR. CROKER,

EXPLANATORY OF MR. MOORE'S ACQUAINTANCE  
AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIM.

*Vous l'avez voulu—Georges Dandin!*

LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.  
1854.

N.B.—*These sheets are in a form to be bound up with  
‘Moore’s Memoirs.’*

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## CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. CROKER AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

West Molesey, Surrey, Jan. 28, 1854.

SIR,

THE spontaneous good nature of a former editor of the 'Times' having been perverted by Lord John Russell into the occasion of a public and personal attack on me, I trust I shall not be thought unreasonable in hoping that the 'Times' will give publicity to the enclosed remonstrance which I have addressed to his Lordship, and to the subsequent correspondence.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

J. W. CROKER.

---

( No. 1. )

" West Molesey, Surrey, Jan. 26, 1854.

" MY LORD,

" IT was only last night that I read in the 268th page of the 6th volume of *Moore's Memoirs*, under the date of the 7th of April, 1833, the following passage :—

" ' Barnes (then editor of the *Times*\*) begged me, in anything I might now write for him, to spare Croker ;

\* I know not why Mr. Barnes should have thus kindly interposed; I never, to my knowledge, saw him nor had any communication with him.

which I told him was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies.'

"To this text your Lordship has appended the following Note :—

*"To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend. If the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably, while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful. Had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity."*

"I do not feel myself called upon to examine the conjectural estimate that your Lordship makes of the 'zest and pleasure' of 'safe malignity.' It has been, no doubt, formed on the best *data* a man can have for his opinions—the feelings of your own mind. 'Those best can paint them who have felt them most;' and, when it is recollect that the person to whom you have thus hypothetically attributed the results of your own personal experience is in his 74th year and in a probably advanced stage of a mortal disease, it will be, I think, generally admitted that your Lordship is well entitled to lecture us on both the theory and practice of 'safe malignity.'

"Your Lordship's opinion of me, or mine of you, is a matter on which I should not have thought it worth while to have said a word; but you have embodied with your personal impertinence to me a gross misrepresentation of a fact which I wish to set right.

"You say 'that it was unnecessary to address a request to Moore to spare a friend.' Now, it appears that through the whole of your six volumes my *name* is never mentioned by Moore but in the most friendly terms, from as early as the 11th of June, 1799, when he writes to his mother, '*Croker is a friend whom I have resolved to cultivate,*'

down to the 7th of April, 1833, under which date occurs the passage which you have selected as a peg on which to hang your own ‘safe malignity.’

“ There is no appearance that this good feeling was interrupted, at least not on my part. It appears further, from twenty intermediate passages, that when Moore got into his Bermuda troubles he had frequent recourse to my private advice and official influence to help him, which I cordially and to the best of my ability did, as his ‘ Diary’ frequently and thankfully acknowledges, and as his letters to me more fully show. Yet, in the midst of this continuous and friendly intercourse, it appears, from the published ‘ Diary,’ vol. iii. p. 156, under the date of the “ 14th of October, 1820,” that, with no other cue than having happened to meet me in the street, and quite *à propos de bottes*, he registers, and your Lordship has published, a character of me as offensive, and apparently as malignant, as if I had been a bitter enemy whom he felt happy at knowing so little about. That, however, did not, it appears, prevent his accepting my invitation to dinner that day, and again two days after; and again and again, whenever circumstances brought us together.

“ In that passage your Lordship thought fit to leave the *name* in blank, but, with a spiteful slyness, which I believe is a main feature of your character, you give in the next page but one an unmistakeable designation of the person meant. So that those who might not recognize me under the injurious character given in the first passage could have no doubt, from the incidental circumstances of the second, which identified me.

“ Why you thus juggled away in your third volume the name which you have so gratuitously produced in your sixth, I care not to inquire; all I need say about it is, that, comparing the assertion in the Note of your sixth

volume, that ‘Moore would not have attacked a friend,’ with the gross attack on me published in your third, I am forced to conclude either that you do not know what you have published, or that you have in that note advanced a falsehood which you must have known to be one.

“I am, my Lord, your Lordship’s humble servant,

“J. W. CROKER.

“*The Right Hon. Lord John Russell.*”

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(No. 2.)

“Chesham Place, Jan. 27, 1854.

“SIR,

“THE note to which you refer in your letter of yesterday’s date was written on the supposition that you are the author of an article on Moore in the ‘Quarterly Review.’

“I cannot think that the passage you mention in Moore’s ‘Diary,’ vol. iii. p. 156, affords any justification of that article. The case is this:—

“Mr. Moore dies, leaving his widow nearly unprovided for, but intrusting to my care some manuscript volumes which he thought might furnish the means for her subsistence and comfort.

“Seeing her broken health and shattered spirits, I judged it necessary for her comfort that she should remain in her cottage, and continue in her accustomed way of life.

“I endeavoured, in publishing the ‘Diary,’ to omit passages offensive to individuals. I omitted some regarding you, which, though not bitter or malicious, might, I thought, give you pain. There was one in

which he said he found you less clever and more vain than he expected, or had supposed. This I allowed to stand.

" As one of the public men of the day you are accustomed to write most severely of others. To escape all criticism on yourself seems an immunity hardly to be expected.

" But were you justified in embittering the last years of the widow of Moore, sneering at his domestic affections, and loading his memory with reproach, on account of the few depreciatory phrases to which you refer ?

" Mrs. Moore, when she was told that you were the author of the article in the 'Quarterly,' would not believe it. She was deeply wounded when she was assured it was so. She had considered you as the friend of her husband.

" In reply to a long and bitter attack, I wrote the note to which you refer. I have no further explanations to offer.

" I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

" J. RUSSELL.

" *The Right Hon. J. W. Croker.*"

( No. 3. )

" West Molesey, Surrey, Jan. 28, 1854.

" MY LORD,

" YOUR Lordship's letter is not only no answer to mine, but it makes your case much worse than I had supposed it to be.

" You evade the point I put to you by starting two other topics extraneous to the real subject, and, I think, unfounded in fact.

" First, you assume that I, who am supposed 'to write most severely of others, have claimed immunity from all

criticism on myself.' I have not been guilty of any such absurdity. I believe that few men have had during a long life more incessant proofs that I have no such convenient privilege. Such an idea I never uttered nor entertained. It would be not merely arrogance, but imbecility ; and I trust this correspondence will convince your Lordship that I am not yet in my dotage.

" Your Lordship's second mistake is, that I allege the 'offensive' mention of me in vol. iii. p. 156, as a 'justification' of my article in the 'Quarterly Review' on your Lordship's publication. That article needs, in my opinion, no justification, at least to no one who has read your volumes ; but, however that may be, I should certainly never have thought of one so flimsy and so mean. The passage itself was, though malevolently meant, so trivial in substance, and so like what I had often been controversially told, that it excited in me no other feeling than a slight surprise at its appearance under a date when I thought that Moore and I were on the most cordial terms ; and I so little resented it, that my friends know that I endeavoured to excuse it as a hasty and accidental ebullition of temper, for which I suggested that there might be a motive not unamiable in itself, though unjust as to me ;\* and I only produced it in my former letter, not as any complaint against Moore, but as a contradiction of your Lordship's assertion of Moore's undeviating kindness to his friends, and especially towards me. It was a fact, not a plea.

" This, and not the two imaginary topics you have now raised, is the real point of the case, and this only it was that ' forced me to conclude, either that you did not know what you had published, or that you had advanced a falsehood, knowing it to be one.'

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\* See this suggestion explained in No. 6.

" Your Lordship has not only *not* extricated yourself from that dilemma, but you have, as I set out by saying, made your case infinitely worse ; for you now admit that the passage which I had referred to as contradicting your assertion was not the only one, there having been ' some others ' so much more ' offensive,' that you thought proper to omit them. What ! my Lord, you have ventured to contrast, what you indicate as my malignant ingratitude towards Moore, with his undeviating and kindly feelings towards me, while it turns out that you had before your eyes several instances of mentions of me still more offensive than the one which you had produced, and, after producing it, conveniently, or at least opportunely forgotten.

" There is another very serious consideration arising out of this surprising confession, which is, that for the purpose, I suppose, of attributing to yourself the *gloriole* of a generous delicacy towards me, as well as others, you sacrifice not only your argument, but the character of your poor friend, by revealing, what I never suspected, that during the many years in which he was living on apparently the most friendly terms with me, and asking, and receiving, and acknowledging such good offices, both consultative and practical, as my poor judgment and interest were able to afford him, he was making entries in his ' Diary ' concerning me so ' offensive,' that even the political and partizan zeal of Lord John Russell shrank from reproducing them.

" I must be allowed to say, under such strange circumstances, that I reject your Lordship's indulgence with contempt, and despise the menace, if it be meant for one, that you have such weapons in your sleeve; I not only dare you, but I condescend to entreat you to publish all about me that you may have suppressed. Let me know.

the full extent of your crooked indulgence, and of Moore's undeviating friendship. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while I am still living to avail myself of it. Let it not be said that 'poor dear Moore told such things of Croker that even Lord John Russell would not publish them.' I feel pretty confident that there will not be found any entry of Moore's derogatory of me against which I shall not be able to produce his own contemporaneous evidence of a contrary tendency.

"Your Lordship's letter introduces another subject, on which I am reluctant to say a word, and shall say no more than your Lordship forces from me,—I mean the pain that these discussions must give to an amiable lady, for whom I feel, without knowing her, and have always expressed, as much respect and sympathy as your Lordship professes, and more than you have shown in the indiscreet and heedless way in which you have so inextricably mixed up her name in almost every page of the discordant farrago that you have compiled from your friend's papers.

"The discretion allowed to an editor is never better employed than in keeping domestic life separate from what you yourself describe as the 'idle gossip and calumnies of the day,'—the squabbles of authorship, and the hot conflict of political parties. Your Lordship has not thought fit to do so, and of this gross and unfeeling neglect of your own editorial duty you now seek to throw the blame on those who venture to observe it, and to prove that Moore's ostentatious display of his domestic tastes was just as hollow as his professions of friendship or his parade of patriotism; and you will not even allow your interesting victim to escape from this by-battle which you have provoked with me, although one should have thought that she had as little to do with it as your

Lordship's wife or mine ; for you introduce her to tell me that, 'when she heard that I was the author of the article in the Quarterly Review, she would not believe it ; she thought I was the friend of her husband.'

" This crowns your Lordship's inconsistency, to use the gentlest term. I admit that Mrs. Moore had for thirty years good reason to believe me to be her husband's friend, but if she was aware of all those 'offensive passages,' which you now admit to exist in the 'Diary,' could she have supposed that he was mine ?

" Your Lordship will naturally expect that I shall give publicity to this correspondence. If your Lordship has anything to add to it, I request that I may receive it here by noon on Monday.

" I am, my Lord,

" Your Lordship's humble servant,

" J. W. CROKER."

*Copies of the foregoing were sent to town on the 29th, with the intention that they should appear in the 'Times' of Tuesday the 31st, but by some accident, of which I was not aware, they appeared on Monday the 30th. As this seemed inconsistent with the last paragraph of my last letter, I thought it necessary to lose no time in addressing the following letter to Lord John Russell :—*

( No. 4. )

" West Molesey, Surrey, 30th January, 1854,  
9.30 A.M.

" MY LORD,

" I SEE with great surprise and regret that our correspondence appears in the 'Times' of *this morning*, which has just reached me by the railroad.

" I had yesterday sent copies to a friend in town, with

the clearest directions, as I thought, that they should not appear till Tuesday morning, so that there might be time for adding any reply that your Lordship might think proper to make me before noon to-day.

“ Under what circumstances the publication has been thus accelerated I am totally uninformed, but I hasten to exonerate myself in your Lordship’s opinion from having either wilfully or by negligence contributed towards its premature appearance.

“ If your Lordship should not have had the intention of adding anything to the correspondence, there is no harm done; if you have anything to add, I shall have it conveyed to the ‘Times,’ with such explanation of the mistake as I may be able to give.

“ I am sincerely sorry for the occasion of giving your Lordship the trouble of reading this letter, but there is no reason why you should take the additional trouble of acknowledging it; it is merely an apology on my part for a mistake committed I know not how, and which I can only hope may be as indifferent to your Lordship as it has been wholly unexpected by me.

“ I have the honour be, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient humble Servant,

“ J. W. CROKER.

“ *The Right Hon. Lord John Russell.*”

( No. 5. )

FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN  
WILSON CROKER.

“ SIR,

“ Chesham Place, Jan. 30th, 1854.

“ I BEG to assure you that although I understood you meant to wait till 12 o’clock to-day for any further

answer from me, yet, as I did not wish to add anything to the letters you have published, I have no reason to complain. I am quite satisfied that your intention was that the letters should not appear till Tuesday morning.

“I may add an expression of my regret that, at your age and in your present state of health, you should have been annoyed by the publication of Moore’s Diary.

“I remain, Sir,

“Your obedient Servant,

“J. RUSSELL.”

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( No. 6. )

“West Molesey, Surrey, 31st January, 1854.

“MY LORD,

“I AM much obliged to your Lordship for both the substance and the tone of your letter of yesterday. Your regret at our recent difference ensures *mine*, and I readily accept any approach to a conciliatory explanation; but your Lordship seems to be still under an error which, *for both our sakes*, I am bound to set right, which I shall endeavour to do in an equally conciliatory spirit.

“I was not ‘annoyed by the publication of *Moore’s Diary*,’ but by your Lordship’s *Note*, which was no part of the Diary, but, on the contrary, at variance with the *text*, and which contained a double imputation which I felt to be wholly undeserved. Your Lordship, I am sure, will feel that the nearer one approaches to the limits of life the more chary one ought to be of one’s reputation and honour.

“This is, I believe, enough to say in return to your last letter; but I think it may be satisfactory to your Lordship—especially for *Moore’s* sake—to know *why* it was that the entry in the Diary of the 14th of October,

1820, gave me really (as I told you in my published letter) so little annoyance, and *why* I excused it, in my own mind and to my friends, as a venial, though unjust, *sprit of ill-humour*. The case is this :—

“ In the summer of 1820, in consequence of a deep and irreparable domestic calamity, I took Mrs. Croker to make a short tour in France for change of scene. It happened that, walking one evening in the garden of St. Cloud, we met Mr. and Mrs. Moore (the latter we neither of us ever saw before or since); after a few words of very cordial greeting between Moore and me, he introduced Mrs. Moore. A short conversation ensued, and then each party pursued their walk. We left Paris in a few days, and did not return for a fortnight, when I looked out for Moore, and saw as much of him as I could; but Mrs. Croker did not make any advances—as Moore evidently wished—to improve her acquaintance with Mrs. Moore. Moore probably did not know, or at least appreciate, the extent of my wife’s affliction and reluctance to see strangers (which was the sole motive of her reserve towards Mrs. Moore), and being, as we now see (which at the time I did not), in a constant fidget as to the way in which Mrs. Moore was received by his acquaintance, and particularly ladies, he, I have no doubt, resented our reserve as a slight, and this feeling might have prompted his momentary irritation against me; for whether his estimate of me was true or false, it is evident that there must have been some special cause for his recording it at *that moment*.

“ This, at least, is my solution of the matter, and it will explain, I think satisfactorily, why *I* regarded so lightly what would otherwise have been an unpardonable breach of professed friendship; and I cannot but hope, for Moore’s sake, that those other passages which your

Lordship has alluded to in your published letter may be traceable to the same not unamiable motive.\* I can only say that his letters to me were, from first to last, of the most friendly, and I must even add *flattering*, character, to a degree that I think would surprise your Lordship, as they did me when I lately looked over such of them as I was able to find.

“ I have the honour to be, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient humble servant,

“ J. W. CROKER.

“ *The Right Hon. Lord John Russell.*”

—•—

( No. 7. )

FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO THE RIGHT HON. J. W. CROKER.

“ Chesham Place, February 3rd, 1854.

“ SIR,

“ I AM much obliged to you for giving me an account of circumstances which may have wounded the susceptibility of Moore.

“ I do not know that I have anything to add to our correspondence ; it would, of course, be useless for us to attempt to persuade one another.

“ Mrs. Moore has many, or at least several, letters of yours to her husband, which I have not seen ; of course I should not think of publishing any of them without your permission.

“ I remain,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ J. RUSSELL.”

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\* Lord John Russell’s silence on this point seems to negative the indulgent view I had been disposed to take of Moore’s motives.

( No. 8. )

" West Molesey, February 4th, 1854.

" MY LORD,

" THERE is an expression in your last note which, as it seems to me to imply another misconception of our late correspondence, I think it necessary to notice.

" I had no motive and no intention to '*persuade*' your Lordship to anything. I did not meddle with your opinions. I charged you with a gross and wilful offence against me. The public is now the judge whether I have proved my charge.

" I remain, my Lord,

" Your obedient servant,

" J. W. CROKER.

" *The Right Hon. Lord John Russell.*"

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POSTSCRIPT  
 EXPLANATORY OF  
 THE ACQUAINTANCE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
 BETWEEN  
 MR. MOORE AND MR. CROKER.

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THE vague, but very significant assertion made by Lord John Russell, that Mr. Moore's Memoirs contain passages still more offensive to me than that which he published, must be my justification for meeting that assertion, as well as his Lordship's own previous insinuation of my malignity towards Moore, by the only means in my power — a statement, chiefly from Moore's own written evidence, of the relation in which we stood to each other during the whole period comprised in those Memoirs.

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In the Third Volume of the Diary is the following passage, written during his residence at Sévres, near Paris:—

“ 14 Oct., 1820.

“ Met ——, who walked about with me, and made me take a family dinner with him at his hotel. *I have not seen so much of him since we were in College together*, and I find that his vanity is even greater than has been reported to me, and his cleverness much less than I expected. He is, undoubtedly, a good partizan, a quick skirmisher of reviews and news-

papers, and a sort of servant-of-all-work for his employers; but as to anything of a higher order of talent, I am greatly mistaken if he has the slightest claim to it."—iii. 156.

The name is here left blank, but in the next page but one (158) I am designated as plainly as if it had been given in full letters.

I confess I read this entry with some surprise—not at the low estimate made of my talents and character—for in a long life of political and literary conflict I was well inured to such strictures—but that it should have been recorded and left for publication by Moore, with whom I had lived in early intimacy and in an uninterrupted cordiality (as I thought) of friendship for above *forty years*, without, as far as I could remember, even a cloud between us, though we happened to be on the extreme and opposite verges of political parties—a strong proof, I flattered myself, of mutual and sincere personal regard. We did not, indeed, see so much of one another personally as he appeared to wish, and as I certainly did. I was absorbed by office, parliament, and London—he by his literary occupations and country residence, and, during his occasional visits to town, by a society altogether different from mine; but still our intercourse was as frequent as could be expected under such circumstances, and always of the most agreeable and cordial character. I therefore read the passage, I can truly say, with more of sorrow than of anger; and on looking more closely at this part of the Diary, I thought I discovered a cause for this temporary ebullition of temper in a motive which, though unjust to me, was not unamiable in him. This cause is stated in my letter to Lord John Russell, No. 6. I saw also some subsequent passages of a more friendly, and—if I may use the expression—*compensatory* character, which, on the whole, seemed to leave, if not a balance in

my favour, at least so slight an injury that it really left no serious impression on my mind.

And there the matter would have rested, if Lord John Russell's attack on me in the Note in his Sixth Volume, p. 268, had not forced me to produce that offensive passage—not as a complaint *against Moore*, but as affording a direct contradiction of the assertion in his Lordship's Note. In reply to my remonstrance (No. 1), Lord John Russell surprised me by a confession (No. 2) that this was *not the only offensive passage* in the Diary, for that he had "*omitted some others which might have given me pain.*" This confession at once settled the question as between *his Lordship and me*—it left his Lordship's Note without a colour of justification—but it has opened a new question as between *me and Moore*, which—in ignorance as Lord John Russell leaves me—as to the precise nature of the other attacks which Moore's papers may contain—renders it necessary that I should give a short statement of my relations with Moore, to enable those who take any interest in either his character or mine to appreciate the sincerity of his feelings and the value of his opinions.

I was not aware till this discussion arose how many of Moore's letters had happened to be preserved in the chaos of my papers, nor of their exact nature. They had been thrown aside, and never were looked at or thought of from their original dates—some above *forty*, and the most recent *five-and-twenty* years old. All I recollect was that they were frequent and friendly, but I confess that on searching for and reading them—which I have only done in consequence of Lord John Russell's publication—I am surprised to find how *decisively* at variance they are with the spirit of both Moore's and his Lordship's allusions to me.

Such as they are, I think it due to my own character to

give publicity to as much of them as affects the questions which his Lordship's proceedings have raised.

In the above-cited passage of the Diary—"14th Oct., 1820"—it will be observed that Mr. Moore begins by saying that he had not seen *so much* of me since we had been "**IN COLLEGE TOGETHER**" as in this short chance meeting of a couple of hours in Paris. The object of this was, obviously, to represent that this was the first opportunity that had occurred, during two-and-twenty years, of appreciating the true character of his *quondam* acquaintance. Now I must state and show that the very reverse of all this was the fact. The *College* acquaintance was comparatively slight—the *subsequent* intimacy, as appears even from the Diary itself, long and cordial.

Moore entered College on the 2nd June, 1794; I entered on the 5th December, 1796, and I need not say that a difference of standing of two years and a half—a considerable one at that period of life—left but a short interval and little opportunity for a close acquaintance between the *Freshman* and the *Sophister*—as our respective classes were designated. Moreover, Moore was an *extern*, and lived with his family *in the town*; I resided with my tutor (Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Provost) *within* the College. The truth is, that in Moore's last year and my second we became acquainted, but the *intimacy* did not ripen till after Moore *had left College*, which he did about the close of 1798, while I remained there till the summer of 1800. This is confirmed by Moore's own letter to his mother, dated from London, 11th June, 1799—six months after *he* had left College, in which he writes—

"Does Croker ever call? *He is a friend whom I have resolved to cultivate.*"—*Memoirs*, i. 90.

and whom, it appears, from a subsequent letter (Mem.,

20th May, 1803), he did *for four years at least* cultivate, and consult both on his literary and personal concerns.

I now see in another of the earlier letters to his mother (9th June, 1800) his solicitude about his subscription to the first edition of his ‘Anacreon,’ and his indignation at the shabby contributions of his Irish friends. I have turned to the original list of subscribers, and I find that I was (with the exception of one “—— Brown, Esq.”) the *only* person, English or Irish, who subscribed for *two* copies. It further appears from the said first edition of ‘Anacreon,’ that he consulted me in the progress of that work, published a year and a half after he had “*left College*” and while I was still there; and I am the person alluded to in the following note on the 67th Ode :—

“I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning φερ' ἵδωρ, φερ' οινον ω παι, which he has subjoined to the epigrams. *A literary friend of mine* (I hope *brevi venturus in ora*) has translated in this manner the remains of Sappho, Alcæus, &c.”—*Anac.*, p. 231.

This acknowledgment that an *anonymous* friend had done something of the same kind is, I think, a very imperfect performance of the promise conveyed to me in the following letter of the 16th of January, 1800, while the ‘Anacreon’ was in progress: I was then just 19 years old, and Moore near 21 :—

“DEAR CROKER—I am delighted to find that your friendship is unchanged, and, believe me, my gratitude is as warm as ever. I had intended writing to you to confess *the theft of an idea* from *you*, which I have committed, *not, however, without acknowledgment*. In translating the fragments of ‘Anacreon,’ I have adopted *your* idea of *combining* them, so

as to form little odes of them. Will you forgive me for the plagiary (*sic*)? I assure you I shall own the source whence I have drawn it."

Did the note above-quoted fulfil this promise? But even that acknowledgment, such as it was, Moore omitted (without any explanation to me) from his second and all subsequent editions. Was this ingenuous? I took no notice of this trifle, and never, I believe, till this moment, mentioned it. It has now become a trait of character.

Soon after this, as I recollect, a severe illness confined Moore for some weeks to his lodgings in London, where I visited him assiduously, and was happy to serve him occasionally, while under a fit of *ophthalmia*, as an amanuensis, and one, or I rather think, two, of Moore's prettiest songs first saw the light in my hand-writing.

An entry in the Diary (under a much later date) testifies the existence of the intimacy when that ingenious exhibition called the 'Invisible Girl' was in vogue, at least three or four years after Moore had "left College":—

"1820, April 23rd.—Lord Trimleston wrote, some years ago, rather pretty French verses to me on my poem of the 'Invisible Girl,' which also at the same time produced some very lively verses from Croker. I lost copies of both by lending them. Croker imagined a woman of fashion to address me on the prospect of my becoming a lawyer, depreciating the idea that I should ever be—

Wrapt in a gown a world too big,  
And shaded in a waste of wig."—iii. p. 113.

Moore, we see, could recollect at p. 113 my verses in the flattering masquerade of '*A Lady of Fashion*'; though at p. 156 of the same volume he forgets that we had ever seen one another for so much as two or three hours since we were at "*College together*." It is evident,

then, that Moore's assertion, with whatever object made, was a gross anachronism.

But much more remains—worse than anachronism. Many years after we both had “*left College*”—viz. in the autumn of 1809—Moore got into some difficulty by the incompetency or misconduct\* of his deputy in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It happened that just at the same time I became *Secretary of the Admiralty*, to whom the complaints of the injured parties were officially addressed. There had been at that time a coolness between us—“a quarrel,” as Moore says, of his own making; I should rather have called it a *distance* or *estrangement*—but, whatever was its degree, it appears from the following letter that it did not prevent my feeling kindly towards my old friend, and offering him my good offices in this disagreeable affair:—

“ Dublin, 11th December, 1809.

“ DEAR CROKER,

“ I am sincerely rejoiced at the idea of our being friends again, and little expected that my office at Bermuda would produce me anything half so valuable as this opportunity of reconciliation which you have so liberally availed yourself of. I have long thought that *I was a fool to quarrel with you*, and by no means required your present conduct to convince me how much you are in every way superior to me. In warmth of feeling, however, I will not be outdone, and I assure you that it is with *all my heart and soul* that I enter into the renewal of our friendship.”

The rest of the letter relates to his Bermuda *business*, and suggests an arrangement for turning, with my assistance—

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\* This was not the affair that produced his great embarrassment—which occurred from a different deputy in 1818 (ii. 133). So long had Moore neglected the duties of his office and his own interest, contrary to the advice of his friends.

"the appointment to more account than I have ever been able to do hitherto. Would it be possible, do you think, to procure the office for any unobjectionable person, who should make it *worth my while* to resign in his favour? If this were possible, it would materially serve me; and though I have no right, nor indeed much inclination, to ask a favour from any of your present colleagues, yet if *You* could manage this matter for me, I should feel it to be the act of a *friend*, and be made easy and comfortable in more ways than one by it."

I have no copy of my answer. I dare say I was unwilling that even a copyist should see such a proposition; but it appears from Moore's reply that I endeavoured—by supposing that he meant an *exchange* and not a *sale* of offices—to shut my eyes to the real drift of a proposal so indecent to a person in my official situation. Moore, however, did not at all appreciate the indelicacy of his proposal, or the delicacy of my evasion. His reply was as follows:—

" Friday, 22nd December, 1809.

"**MY DEAR CROKER,**

"I feel most gratefully the readiness with which you answered my letter, and should not write now to tease you with my importunities, but that you mistook a *little* the manner in which I wished you to assist me. I had by no means the audacity to expect to exchange my Bermuda appointment for *another* at home. What I wanted to know was simply this—whether if the deputy I should appoint would *make it worth my while* to resign in his favour (*i. e.* in plain placemen's language, would consent to *purchase* the appointment), you could have interest enough to get him nominated my successor, as by that means I should get rid of the very troublesome medium of a deputation, and have a good large sum at once in my pocket, without waiting for the slow process of annual remittances, accounts, &c. I know this *sounds very like one of those transactions which we PATRIOTS\** cry out against as unworthy of the great Russell and Algernon Sydney."

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\* These words are ironically underscored in the original.

I (no doubt for the reason already stated) find no copy of my answer to a proposal of which not even my "*Patriot*" friend's droll abjuration of the "*Russells and Sydneys*" could attenuate the indecorum and illegality; but I find its substance docketed on the back of the letter in three short words, "*cannot be done.*" This refusal was probably less crudely expressed; and it certainly created no visible breach of the renewed friendship, and a long subsequent series of Moore's letters now before me—some asking small favours—others advice—all in the most friendly, and even *flattering*, style (several of them and of my answers are noted in the '*Diary*') attest the continuance and apparent cordiality of our intercourse to the last.

Irksome as it is to me on every account to reproduce such excessive, and therefore such disagreeable, *flattery* as one passage of the foregoing letter of the 11th of December, 1809 and some others which follow, it is necessary that I should exhibit Moore's own evidence of his continuous profession of friendship towards me during the whole period when Lord John Russell says he was making in his '*Diary*' several entries that would "give me pain." I shall select no more than is necessary to prove that the *professed* friendship was uninterrupted, and I am pretty certain that some of these ultra-laudatory passages give me more "pain" to transcribe than I should have felt from reading any of the suppressed sneers or censures.

I request my readers to observe the series of dates.

*On the 14th November, 1810, he writes—*

"**MY DEAR CROKER,**

" I have been asked for a letter of recommendation to you, and I give it more for the pleasure of showing that I

*can do such a thing*, than from any very sanguine hope that the person whom I recommend can profit by it."

*On the 25th October, 1811*, he writes—

"**MY DEAR CROKER,**

"I am most sincerely sorry to be obliged to persecute you as I do, but having the reputation of enjoying some little share of your regard, I assure you it is with difficulty I can fight off the numerous demands there are upon *my influence* with the Secretary of the Admiralty."

Then follows another solicitation for an Admiralty favour, concluding with—

"To a generous mind like yours it will be some stimulus to learn, &c.     "Ever most truly yours, THOMAS MOORE."

*On the 22nd May, 1812*, he announced to me

"his sudden appearance to his friends in the new character of a husband and a father."

This approximation of characters, usually separated by a longer interval, I remember very much surprised me. After some details about the marriage, and the reasons which induced him to keep it so long concealed from every one but Mr. Rogers and Lady Donegal, he proceeds—

"I should have been most happy to have made her known to *you*, but I found it impossible to stand the expenses of town, and therefore made a hasty retreat hither into Lord Moira's neighbourhood, where, with his fine library and a happy home, I hope to live a life of peace and goodness, and to become, at last, perhaps, respectable. I am glad to take the opportunity of troubling you with the enclosed to show you that I am not unmindful of your good opinion, nor indifferent to your remembrance of me.

"Ever yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*On the 11th January, 1813,* he acquaints me at some length of what he “hopes I had felt anxious about,” the failure of his expectations from Lord Moira’s India appointment, and he concludes—

“ I think I have at last found out the life that suits me, for I never was so happy. I read a great deal, and write a little, and have the best samples of human nature before me from morning till night—which samples consist in a pure affectionate wife, and a little rosy pug-nosed innocent child—should you *know me* in this kind of life?—I intend however to take a taste of your London corruptions in spring, when I hope (notwithstanding my magnanimity about ministers) I may find a vacant place at the table of the Secretary of the Admiralty. Ever, my dear Croker, faithfully yours,

“ THOMAS MOORE.”

*On the 1st November, 1813,* he wrote to request my advice as to a new difficulty about his Bermuda deputy; after which he adds—

“ I was sincerely sorry I saw so little of you when I was last in town—but we deal in different kinds of town knowledge, you in the *esoteric*, I in the *ex*—yet believe me, my dear Croker (*and those I live with\** can attest it for me), there is no one feels more high respect for your talents, or bears more ready testimony to the great good-nature experienced from you than yours, very sincerely,

“ THOMAS MOORE.”

I see, in the Memoirs (i. 369), that he says that he sent my answer to this letter to his Bermuda deputy—“ principally to show that he had *such a friend at the Admiralty.*”

In 1814, 1815, and 1816, the letters I find are on very trifling subjects, and not worth special notice, but still of the same familiar and friendly character.

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\* Meaning, no doubt, his Whig friends, Mr. Rogers, Holland House, &c.

*On the 25th June, 1817, I find him writing to his mother—*

“Croker was the person who gave my health [at a public dinner of Dublin Collegemen]. I could not have a better proof of the station which I hold in the public eye than that Croker should claim friendship with me before such men as Peel, the Duke of Cumberland,” &c. &c.

But he gives no hints of the warmth with which he urged me to attend on that occasion.

“Tuesday morning, 17th June, 1817.

“MY DEAR CROKER,

“You will perceive that they have put upon me the honour of being Chairman to the Trinity College dinner next Monday, and it was matter of much consolation and hope to me to hear that you had dined there last time, as I flattered myself that you would *now* have more pleasure in giving the sanction of your presence to the meeting from a consciousness of the support and gratification which it would afford to me in my awful undertaking of President. Pray come—I will take care that there shall be nothing offensive in the political way, and I shall feel it as a tribute not only to the Chair but the Chairman. Ever faithfully yours,

“THOMAS MOORE.”

The letters for the next few years, and particularly while Moore was living abroad, seem to have been less frequent, and were chiefly about forwarding his correspondence under my franks, and his Bermuda affairs. There were, probably, many more than I can now find, and indeed I only wonder how even these happened to be preserved. They were all, however, in the same tone of cordiality and kind feeling.

On the 13th October, 1820, I arrived in Paris (as stated in my preceding letter No. 6), and met Moore on the 14th, on which day he dined with me, and made the first offensive entry. On the 17th, while walking with

Mr. Canning, I met him again, and introduced him to the "Right Honourable Orator" (iii. 158), who received him, Moore adds, with a cordiality of manner "as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me."

I suppose my intervention on this "flattering" occasion a little mollified Moore's feelings towards me, for he, next day, again dined with me, and made the second entry in the 'Diary,' not so offensive as the first. I left Paris again about the 27th for London, whither this letter immediately followed me.

"[Paris], 2nd November, 1820.

"MY DEAR CROKER,

"I send you *the* packet for Jeffrey, but if that '*conscience*' you spoke of interferes with your franking it on to him, pray lose no time in sending it to the Longmans, in Paternoster-row, to whom I have given directions about it; but I had *rather*, for expedition sake, that *you* would frank it to him. There is no treason in it, I assure you.

"My best remembrances to Mrs. Croker and my little playmate [Miss Croker].      "Ever yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

These are the only circumstances that I find relating to this particular period; but they are not altogether insignificant as to the question of Moore's sincerity, for they show that at the very time he was journalizing so contemptuously of my taste and talents, and priding himself on knowing so little about me, he was not only dining with me *en famille* two at least of the ten days I remained in Paris, but telling me of his connexion with the 'Edinburgh Review,' and asking me to facilitate it by allowing his packets, and especially "*the* packet" to "*Jeffrey*," to pass under my cover. The allusion to my "*conscience*" was occasioned, I believe, by my having told him that he was perfectly welcome to use my personal privilege as a member of Parliament

as freely as he pleased, but that I had scruples of “*conscience*” as to my more extensive *official* privilege and hoped he would be moderate in the use of that.

*On the 14th November, 1821,* it appears by the ‘*Diary*’ that he wrote to request me to contradict some reports of his having written certain political squibs. Of my answer he gives only a few words, but then adds—

“ It is flattering enough to think that I have now within the last month received letters full of the *most cordial attachment* from three persons so widely sundered in the political hemisphere as are Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Lansdowne, and *Croker*.”—*Diary*, iii. 303.

*On the 16th April, 1822,* Moore arrived in London, on account, it seems (‘*Diary*,’ iii. p. 339), of some fresh difficulties about his Bermuda concern. On the very night he arrived, and before he had even taken lodgings, he wrote me a hurried note by a special messenger:—

“ I am actually here, and shall take my chance of seeing you to-morrow, between *two and three*.

“ Yours ever, T. M.”

He was aware that the sitting of the Admiralty Board prevented my seeing any one before *two*. What the particular object of this visit was I forget; it was no doubt something about the Bermuda affair, and the haste he made to see me shows its importance and his reliance on my friendship.

*On the 23rd January, 1823,* the ‘*Diary*’ states that he wrote to Mr. Murray to say that he had half a hope that *I* might undertake to review his ‘*Loves of the Angels*,’ and that between the 12th and 15th February he had received—

“ a long letter from Croker on the intended metamorphosis of my ‘*angels*’ into Turks—very kind and sensible.”—*Diary*, iv. p. 44.

In 1823, 1824, and 1825, I find about thirty letters about a variety of small matters, no further worthy of notice than as showing the *continuance* of the easy and friendly terms on which we had been.

*On the 5th December, 1826,* he writes to request my advice and assistance as to exchanging his Bermuda office, of which he says :—

“ The only thing for which I am indebted to that ‘ still-vexing Bermoothes,’ is it having been the means, my dear Croker, of bringing you and me together again in *statu quo*. But this is like the ballad I sang to you at Kensington, ‘ a song of the olden time.’ ”

He had, however, forgotten that amicable *status quo* during the month of October 1820 and at the dates of *those other* unspecified entries that Lord John Russell had at first so delicately suppressed, and afterwards, with a more dubious delicacy, took care to let me know that he had suppressed.

In April, 1827, the ‘ Diary ’ gives an account of his employing me to dislodge him “ to my friend Peel ” from having written some verses in the ‘ Times ’ attacking him. He adds—

“ Forgot to mention that these verses contained also a violent attack on Croker, which, as I said in my letter, would be *to him* a sufficient proof that these were not mine.”—Vol. v. p. 163.

This tenderness for me, more fully expressed in the original letter, must, I should think, have appeared, even to Lord John Russell, somewhat inconsistent with the suppressed passages. Moore’s letter shows at least that I had no reason to expect that he would have left behind him any criticisms on me so offensive as to induce his Lordship to think them unfit for publication.

*In May, 1827,* I had the honour to be elected Member

for the University of Dublin, and Moore addressed me the following letter :—

“ Sloperton Cottage, 22nd May, 1827.

“ MY DEAR CROKER,

“ Seeing by the papers that you are returned to London, I hasten to wish you joy on your very honourable success. I feel it the more—mournfully as well as joyfully—from its bringing back the recollection of times when we little thought what strange things were before us. *You*, since then, have advanced, while I have remained stationary. As to any little fame I may have earned on my way, the praise that *you* and a few others gave me at that time was worth all that has followed since, because it was *the first*. The friendship of a few good men, and a home as happy as love can make it, are all (and after all not a little) that I have gained in the scramble. Your honours, however, my dear Croker, I rejoice in sincerely, and long may you live to wear them !

“ Believe me yours ever faithfully,

“ THOMAS MOORE.”

*In June, 1828, I was admitted to the Privy Council.* Moore thought he lost too much time in letting three weeks pass before he congratulated me on this honour :—

“ Sloperton, 15th July, 1828.

“ MY DEAR CROKER,

“ I have been longing for an opportunity to write your *new adjunct*, of which I wish you joy sincerely, and trust it will be followed by something still better.

“ I hope you do not forget to keep a look out for me in your Bermuda quarter, &c.”

The sincerity of these congratulations may be judged by the obvious spirit exhibited in a note, written about the same time to Mr. Power, his music publisher, and which a gentleman who bought it at Mr. Power's sale has since sent to me. It is a curious *pendant* to the foregoing congratulation ; the following is an exact copy :—

" 24th June, 1828.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Thinking you may want the 'Rose of the Desert,' I send it up by parcel, and shall enclose the 'Legends,' as I finish them, through the *Right Honorable (! !)* Croker."—*Power Catalogue*, p. 89.

This slight sneer—even if it were as innocent as the "*non equidem invideo, miror magis*," of the shepherd in Virgil—would be rather misplaced on an occasion when he was making a convenience of his "*Right Honourable! !*" friend; but when contrasted with his amiable impatience to congratulate me, and his hope that it may soon be followed by *something better*, it takes, I think, a less excusable character.

*On the 22nd September, 1829*, his affectionate interest in my welfare breaks out again in a very marked way:—

" MY DEAR CROKER,

" I am in dismay at the rumours in the newspapers of a prospect of your quitting the Admiralty. I dare say that you yourself would care little about it, but the public are not likely to be so *poco-curanteish* on the subject, and for myself, speaking personally and selfishly, I shall feel the loss of your good offices most grievously. I do not ask for secrets, but, if the matter is in a *tellable* state, pray set my mind at rest on the subject. I was in hopes that you would have been able, according to your kind promise, to arrange something for me in the shape of a deputy for my office, &c.

" Ever yours truly,

" THOMAS MOORE."

And finally the following letter of the 28th of July, 1829, shows that the same friendly disposition subsisted—at least, to all appearance—between us:—

"MY DEAR CROKER,

"It is most kind of you to take so much trouble about us, and I assure you Mrs. Moore feels it to be so as much as myself. I meant to have told you in my last note (but I believe did not) that her state of health at present puts it entirely out of her power to dine away from home, and the same cause prevents me from leaving her at night. She is, however, before long about to return into Wiltshire, when I shall be left in a state of bachelorship and vagabondage, and *then* if you will have me, I shall be most happy to come to you, and accept dinner and bed and all the other good things I am sure to find with you.

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

---

I have brought down these extracts from the more extensive correspondence of *twenty consecutive years* to the latest period at which any of those *suppressions* that Lord John Russell alludes to *could* have taken place, and all the subsequent, like all the preceding letters that I have been able to find, are just of the same familiar and friendly character. I have produced no more than was necessary to my own defence, and I think I may now venture to repeat my confidence that his Lordship "cannot have found any passage derogatory to me of which I could not produce Moore's own contemporary evidence in a contrary direction."

I must also repeat how very painful it has been to me to transcribe professions and compliments which I always felt to be excessive, and which, it now appears, were "false and hollow;" but my readers will easily believe that even when they reached me fresh and fresh, any vanity I might otherwise have felt from them must have been a good deal moderated by observing that the most fulsome of

them were always—but not always very adroitly—mixed up with appeals for my assent, or advice, or assistance towards objects of his own personal vanity or interest.

With this explanation the public will be better able to understand and appreciate the correspondence between Lord John Russell and me, as well as anything that has appeared, or *may hereafter appear*, concerning me from the peevishness or malice of that double-faced friendship which Lord John Russell's indiscretion has forced into light.

J. W. C.

20th February, 1854.

1863 — Having just completed  
a second Croker Article on the  
first publication of Moore's Treatise  
under St. Louis' Colours <sup>at wish</sup>.  
which may be a passing feeling,  
that any other writer, as able  
as Croker, should have been the  
author of it. With this reserve, it  
is emphaticall to admit that  
it is a most admirable exposure  
on the one hand of Moore's weakness,  
want of principle, & insincerity, & on

LONDON : PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,  
AND CHARING-CROSS.

The other of the can be rep,  
in answer to the letters of May,  
& Political shd of Lord Parker.

ny of the observations on Condesais  
learn from the Article, or question, & enti-  
t may be said to have settled the  
min of the Justice as to the value  
the ~~newspaper~~, & the character of those  
it may be as well to state, that the  
tions do favorably appear in one  
of the other Periodicals, <sup>where</sup> the au-  
equally, they yet will not meet joint-  
ly, condonment.

Those who read the little Paragraph  
which annexed will be the best judges  
the worth of the objection he offers,  
the consequence of the unfortunate admis-  
sion by Mr. T. in effect, of which so m-  
any is taken by his antagonist. The Author  
of it must be remembered ~~was~~ as much a  
demonstrator of the "fascinat malignity" of  
his party, as it is of honest character for  
himself. It strikes me, after carefully  
reading the Review, that there is not much  
malignity in it, though much that is better  
there. But that in it may however, I  
stand of <sup>passad</sup> passed & safe to lay aside my  
letter concerning, seen in one of his  
a paper in the Journal he becomes, that "the  
"is a <sup>question</sup> on subjects in Keoni's Testa-















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